

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

Which have solicited: the rest in silence.

*Hora.* Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet,  
And flight of Angels sing thee to thy rest. (Prince,  
Why does the drum come hither?

*Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.*

*Fort.* Where is this fight?

*Hora.* What is it you would see?  
If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* This quarry cries on havock: O proud death,  
What feast is toward in thine infernall Cell,  
That thou so many Princes at a shot  
So bloudily hast strooke?

*Embaf.* The fight is dismall,  
And our affaires from England come too late,  
The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing.  
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,  
That *Rosencrans* and *Guyldenstern* are dead,  
Where should we have our thanks?

*Hora.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it th'ability of life to thank you;  
He never gave commandement for their death.  
But since so jumpe upon this bloody question,  
You from the *Pollack* wars, and you from *England*  
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view,  
And let me speake to'th yet unknowing world  
How these things came about; so shall you heare  
Of cruell, bloody, and unnaturall acts,  
Of accidentall judgements, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,  
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,  
Falne on the inventors heads: all this can I  
Truely deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to heare it,  
And call the noblest to the audience:  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,  
I have some rights of memory in this kingdome,  
Which now to claime my vantage doth invite me.

*Hora.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Hora.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more:  
But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while mens minds are wild, lest more mischance  
On plots and errors happen.

*Fort.* Let foure Captaines

Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the stage,  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
T'have prov'd most royall: and for his passage,  
The Souldiers musick and the right of warre  
Speake loudly for him.

Take up the bodies; such a fight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shewes much amisse.  
Go bid the Souldiers shoot.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.